

Cavanagh,

The Great Conservation Novel

CHAPTER XV.

SHADOWS ON THE MIST.

THE decision which Cavanagh made between love and duty distinguished the officer from the man, the soldier from the civilian. He did not hesitate to act, and yet he suffered a mental conflict as he rode back toward the scene of that inhuman sacrifice on the altar of greed.

"It will be hours before any part of the sheriff's posse can reach the falls, even though they take to the swiftest motors, and then other long hours must intervene before I can ride down to her. Yes, at least a day and a night must drag their slow course before I can hope to be of service to her." And the thought drew a groan of anxiety from him. At such moments of mental stress the trail is a torture and the mountain side an inexorable barrier.

Halfway to the hills he was intercepted by an old man who was at work on an irrigating ditch beside the road. He seemed very nervous and very inquisitive, and as he questioned the ranger his eyes were like those of a dog that fears his master's hand. Ross wondered about this afterward, but at the moment his mind was busy with the significance of this patient toiler with a spade. He was a prophetic figure in the most picturesque and sterile land of the stockman. "Here, within twenty miles of this peaceful fruit grower," he said, "is the crowning infamy of the freebooting cowboy."

He wondered as he rode on whether the papers of the state would make a jest of this deed. "Will this be made the theme for caustic comment in the eastern press for a day and then be forgotten?"

As his hot blood cooled he lost faith in even this sacrifice. Could anything change the leopard west into the tameness and serenity of the ox? "No," he decided; "nothing but death will do that. This generation, these fierce and bloody hearts, must die. Only in that way can the tradition of violence be overcome and a new state reared."

At the foot of the tollsome, upward winding trail he dismounted and led his weary horse. Over his head and about halfway to the first hilltop lay a roof of fleecy vapor, faint purple in color and seamless in texture. Through this he must pass, and it symbolized to him the line of demarcation between the plain and the mountain, between order and violence.

Slowly he led his horse along the mountain side, grasping with eager desire at every changing aspect of the marvelous mountain scene. It was infinitely more gorgeous, more compelling, than his moonlight experience the night before.

As he led his horse out upon a projecting point of rocky ledge to rest his love for the range came back upon him with such power that tears misted his eyes and his throat ached. "Where else will I find such scenes as this?" he asked himself. "Where in all the lowlands could such splendors shine? How can I leave this high world in which these wonders come and go? I will not! Here will I bring my bride and build my home. This is my world."

But the mist grew gray, the aureole of fire faded, the sun went down behind the hills, and the chill of evening deepened on the trail, and as he reapproached the scene of man's inhumanity to man the thought of camping here beside those charred limbs called for heroic resolution. He was hungry, too, and as the air pinched he shivered.

"At the best the sheriff cannot reach here before midnight," he said, and settled down to his unsought, revolting vigil.

His one relief lay in the mental composition of a long letter to Lee Virginia, whose life at that moment was a comfort to him. "If such purity, such sweetness, can come from violence and vulgarity then surely a new and splendid state can rise even out of the ashes of these murdered men. Perhaps this is the end of the old," he mused, "perhaps this is the beginning of the new," and as he pondered the last faint crimson died out of the west. "So must the hate and violence die out of America," he said, "leaving the clear, sweet air of liberty behind."

He was near to the poet at the moment, for he was also the lover. His allegiance to the great republic stood shaken, but not destroyed. "I will wait," he decided. "This shall be the sign. If this deed goes unavenged then will I put off my badge and my uniform and go back to the land where for a hundred years at least such deeds as these have been impossible."

He built a fire as night fell to serve both as a beacon and as a defense against the cold. He felt himself weirdly remote in this vigil. From his far height he looked abroad upon the tumbled plain as if upon an ocean dimly perceptible, yet august. "At this moment," he said, "curious and perhaps giddy eyes are wondering what my spark of firelight may mean."

His mind went again and again to that tall old man in the ditch. What was the meaning of his scared and sorrowful glance? Why should one so peacefully employed at such a time and in such a place wear the look of

Forest



WILL JONES

a bunted deer? What meant the tremor in his voice?

Was it possible that one so gentle should have taken part in this deed? "Preposterous suspicion, and yet he had a guilty look."

At last, far in the night, he heard the snort of a horse and the sound of voices. The law (such as it was) was creeping up the mountain side in the person of the sheriff of Chauvenet county and was about to relieve the ranger from his painful responsibility as guardian of the dead.

At last he came, this officer of the law, attended like a Cheyenne chief by a dozen lesser warriors of various conditions and kinds, but among them—indeed, second only to the sheriff—was Hugh Redfield, the forest supervisor, hot and eager with haste.

As they rode up to the fire the officer called out: "Howdy, ranger? How about it?"

Ross stated briefly, succinctly, what he had discovered, and as he talked other riders came up the hill and gathered closely around to listen in wordless silence—in guilty silence, the ranger could not help believing.

Redfield spoke. "Sheriff Van Horn, you and I have been running cattle in this country for nearly thirty years, and we've witnessed all kinds of shooting and several kinds of hanging, but when it comes to chopping and burning men I get off. I shall personally offer a reward of \$1,000 for the apprehension of these miscreants, and I hope you'll make it your solemn duty to hunt them to earth."

"You won't have far to go," remarked Ross significantly.

"What do you mean?" asked the sheriff.

"I mean this slaughter, like the others that have taken place, was the work of cattlemen who claim this range. Their names are known to us all."

A silence followed—so deep a silence that the ranger was convinced of the fact that in the circle of his listeners stood those who, if they had not shared in the slaughter, at least knew the names of the guilty men.

At last the sheriff spoke, this time with a sigh. "I hope you're all wrong, Cavanagh. I'd hate to think any constituent of mine had sanctioned this job. Give me that lantern, Curtis."

The group of ranchers dismounted and followed the sheriff over to the grewsome spot, but Redfield stayed with the ranger.

"Have you any suspicion, Ross?"

"No, hardly a suspicion. However, you know as well as I that this was not a sudden outbreak. This deed was planned. It represents the feeling of many cattlemen—in everything but the extra horror of its execution. That was the work of drunken, infuriated men. But I am more deeply concerned over Miss Wetherford's distress. Did she reach you by telephone tonight?"

"No. What's the trouble?"

"Her mother is down again. I telephoned her, and she asked me to come to her, but I cannot go, for I have a case of smallpox up on the hill. Ambro, the Basque herder, is down with it, and another herder is up there alone with him. I must go back to them. But meanwhile I wish you would go to the Fork and see what you can do for her."

His voice, filled with emotion, touched Redfield, and he said, "Can't I go to the relief of the herder?"

"No; you must not think of it. You are a man with a family. But if you can find any one who has had the smallpox send him up. The old herder who is nursing the patient is not strong and may drop at any moment. Then it's up to me."

The men came back to the campfire conversing in low tones, some of them cursing in tones of awe. One or two of them were small farmers from Deer Creek, recent comers to the state, or men with bunches of milk cows, and to them this deed was awesome.

The sheriff followed, saying: "Well, there's nothing to do but wait till morning. The rest of you men better go home. You can't be of any use here."

For more than three hours the sheriff and Redfield sat with the ranger, waiting for daylight, and during this time the name of every man in the region was brought up and discussed. Among others, Ross mentioned the old man in the ditch.

"He wouldn't hurt a bumblebee," declared the sheriff. "He's got a bunch of cattle, but he's the mildest old man in the state. He's the last rancher in the country to even stand for such work. What made you mention him?"

"I passed him as I was riding back,"

Ranger

By HAMLIN GARLAND

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replied Cavanagh, "and he had a weary look in his eyes."

The sheriff grunted. "You imagined all that. The old chap always has a kind of meek look."

It was nearly noon of a glorious day as Cavanagh, very tired and very hungry, rode up to the sheep herder's tent. Wetherford was sitting in the sun calmly smoking his pipe, the sheep were feeding not far away, attended by the dog, and an air of peace covered his sunlit rocky world.

"How is the Basque?" asked the ranger.

Wetherford pointed upward. "All over."

"Then it wasn't smallpox?"

"I reckon that's what it was; it sure was fierce. I judge it's a case of Injun burial—no ceremony—right here in the rocks. I'll let you dig the hole (I'm just about all in, but mind you keep to the windward all the time. I don't want you spotted.)"

Cavanagh understood the necessity for these precautions, but first of all came his own need of food and rest. Turning his tired horse to grass, he stretched himself along a grassy, sunny cranny between the rocks and there ate and afterward slept, while all about him the lamps called and the coolies whined.

He was awakened by a pebble tossed upon him, and when he awoke, stiff and sore, but feeling stronger and in better temper, the sun was wearing low. Setting to work at his task, he threw the loose rock out of a hollow in the ledge near by, and to this rude sepulcher Wetherford dragged the dead man, refusing all aid, and there piled a cairn of rocks above his grave.

The ranger took a hand at the end and rolled some huge boulders upon the grave to insure the wolves' defeat.

"Now burn the bedding," he commanded. "The whole camp has got to go, and your clothing, too, after we get down the hill."

"What will we do with the sheep?"

"Drive them over the divide and leave them."

All these things Wetherford did, and, leaving the camp in ashes behind him, Cavanagh drove the sheep before him as he homeward way. As night fell the dog, at his command, rounded them up and put them to bed, and the men went on down the valley, leaving the brave brute on guard, pathetic figure of faithful guardianship.

"It hurts me to desert you, old fellow," called the ranger, looking back, "but there's no help for it. I'll come up in the morning and bring you some biscuit."

It was long after dark when they entered the canyon just above the cabin, and Wetherford was shivering from cold and weakness.

"Now, you pull up just outside the gate and wait there till I bring out some blankets. Then you've got to strip to the skin and start the world biscuit."

Wetherford pulled up just outside the gate and waited till Cavanagh came, and then he stripped to the skin and started the world biscuit.

"ALL OVER."

all over again," said Cavanagh. "I'll build a fire here, and we'll cremate your past. How about it?"

"I'm willing," responded Wetherford. "You can burn everything that belongs to me but my wife and my girl."

All through the ceremony which followed ran this self-banter. "I'll be all ranger, barring a commission," he said, with a grin as he put on the olive yellow shirt and a pair of dusty green trousers. "And here goes my past!" he added as he tossed his contaminated rags upon the fire.

"What a corking opportunity to make a fresh start," commented Cavanagh. "I hope you see it."

"I see it, but it's hard to live up to your mark."

When every precaution had been taken the ranger led the freshly scrubbed, scoured and transformed fugitive to his cabin.

"Why, man, you're fit for the state legislature," he exclaimed as they came into the full light. "My clothes don't precisely meet every demand you make upon them, but they give you an air of command. I wish your wife could see you now." Then, seeing that Wetherford was really in earnest, he added: "You can stay with me as long as you wish. Perhaps in time you might be able to work into the service as a guard, although the chief is getting more and more insistent on real foresters."

There were tears in Wetherford's eyes as he said: "You cannot realize what this clean, warm uniform means to me. For nine years I wore the prison stripes. It is ten years since I was dressed like a man."

"You need not worry about food or shelter for the present," replied Cavanagh gently. "Grub is not costly here, and house rent is less than nominal, so make yourself at home and get strong."

Wetherford lifted his head. "But I want to do something. I want to redeem myself in some way. I don't want my girl to know who I am, but I'd like to win her respect. I can't be what you say she thinks I was, but if I had a chance I might show myself a man again. I wouldn't mind Lize knowing that I am alive. It might be a comfort to her. But I don't want even her to be told till I can go to her in my own duds."

"She's pretty sick," said Cavanagh. "I telephoned Lee Virginia last night, and if you wish you may ride down with me tomorrow and see her."

The old man fell a-tremble. "I daren't do that. I can't bear to tell her where I've been."

"She needn't know. I will tell her you've been out of your mind. I'll say anything you wish. You can go to her in the clothes you have on if you like. She will not recognize you as the prisoner I held the other night. You can have your beard trimmed, and not even the justice will know you."

All reserve had vanished out of the convict's heart, and with choking voice he thanked his young host. "I'll never be a burden to you," he declared in a firmer voice. "And if my lung holds out I'll show you I'm not the total loco that I 'pear to be."

Continued next week.

Take the Record-Press.

SHE SUFFERED FIVE YEARS

Finally Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Erie, Pa.—"I suffered for five years from female troubles and at last was almost helpless. I went to three doctors and they did me no good, so my sister advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and when I had taken only two bottles I could see a big change, so I took six bottles and I am now strong and well again. I don't know how to express my thanks for the good it has done me and I hope all suffering women will give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It was worth its weight in gold."—Mrs. J. P. ENDLICH, E. F. D. No. 7, Erie, Pa.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. It is free and always helpful.

EVANSVILLE THE HOTTEST AND RENO THE COLDEST

Freezing in Nevada and Oregon, Snow in Montana.

Washington, D. C., May 25.—With snow falling in Montana and Oregon, a hot wave is now centered over the middle West and the south and is due in the east by Saturday. Chicago, Louisville, Omaha, Evansville, Ind., Keokuk, Ia., and Concordia, Kan., jointly held first honors in the day's heat record with 94 degrees official, while out at Reno a record of 30 degrees marked the coldest place in the United States.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared for Piles and itching of the private parts. Drugists, mail 50c and \$1.00. Williams Mfg. Co., Props., Cleveland, O. Sold only by J. H. Orme.

WHAT CURES ECZEMA?

We have had so many inquiries lately regarding Eczema and other skin diseases, that we are glad to make our answer public. After careful investigation we have found that a simple wash of Oil of Wintergreen, as compounded in D. D. D., can be relied upon. We would not make this statement to our patrons, friends and neighbors unless we were sure of it—and although there are many so-called Eczema remedies sold, we ourselves unhesitatingly recommend D. D. D. Prescription.

Because—We know that it gives instant relief to that torturing itch.

Because—D. D. D. starts the cure at the foundation of the trouble.

Because—it cleanses, soothes and heals the skin.

Because—it enables Nature to repair the ravages of the disease.

Because—The records of ten years of complete cures of thousands of the most serious cases show that D. D. D. is today recognized as the absolutely reliable Eczema cure.

Drop into our store today, just to talk over your case with us.

J. H. Orme, Marion, Ky.

Asthma! Asthma!

POPHAM'S ASTHMA REMEDY gives instant relief and an absolute cure in all cases of Asthma, Bronchitis and Hay Fever. Sold by druggists; mail on receipt of price \$1.00. Trial Package by mail 10 cents.

Williams Mfg. Co., Props., Cleveland, Ohio. Sold only by J. H. Orme.

DYCSBURG.

Miss Rhea Cooksey is visiting her sister, Mrs. T. L. Phillips, in Kuttawa.

Mrs. Emma Padon is the guest of relatives in Mullikin.

Lon Graves was in Fredonia Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Miles, of Fredonia, attended Children's Day here Sunday.

P. K. Cooksey was in Paducah Sunday.

Miss Nola Parish, of Frances, attended Children's Day here Sunday.

Born to the wife of Charles Gregory a girl on May 14th.

Eugene Decker is visiting relatives in Livingston county.

Miss Ethel Rogers, of Smithland, visited Miss Margairte Groves Sunday.

Camby Clifton, of Kuttawa, visited his father, Robert Clifton, Sunday.

Mrs. Elizabeth Brasher, of Tiline, is the guest of her son, Charles Brasher.

Mrs. Charles Brasher is very ill.

Miss Dave Krone, of Azalea, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Oda Bennett, Sunday.

Mrs. Eugene Brown and children, of Eddyville, are the guests of Mrs. Mattie Wadlington.

Dr. T. L. Phillips, of Kuttawa, was in town Sunday.

Miss Lillian Decker has been very ill for the past week.

Mrs. Mary Langsdon is visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank Stone, of Caldwell Springs.

Mrs. W. E. Charles went to Kuttawa Friday.

Gus Graves was in Louisville Thursday.

W. E. Charles returned home from Brazil, Tenn., Friday.

Mrs. P. K. Cooksey was in Kuttawa Wednesday.

"Our baby cries for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," writes Mrs. T. B. Kendrick, Basaca, Ga. "It is the best cough remedy on the market for coughs, colds and croup." For sale by all dealers.

ENJOYING LIFE.

Have you found your life distasteful?

My life did and does smack sweet.

Was your youth of pleasure wasteful?

Mine I saved and hold complete.

Do your joys with age diminish? When mine fall me I'll complete.

Must in death your daylight finish? My sun sets to rise again.

—Robert Browning.

WOMAN'S FRIEND

Makes Glorious Hair That Fastenates And Attracts.

Parisian Sage is not a nostrum; it is the scientific preparation of one of the world's greatest dermatologists. It will grow hair. It will cure dandruff. It will stop falling hair. It will make the scalp clean and white and free it from any disease. It is the most marvelous and efficient hair dressing known. It will turn harsh, lustreless and uncontrollable hair into soft, lustrous and fascinating hair in a few days. It is the favorite hair dressing of thousands of American women, who realize that no woman can be handsome without beautiful hair. Large bottle 50 cents at Haynes & Taylor's on money back plan.

M18-J1

A HUGE EAGLE

Attacked Aviator's Monoplane And is Killed with A Shot.

San Sebastian, Spain, May 25.

—An eagle attacked aviator Gilbert today, when he was making the last leg in his flight in the Paris to Madrid aeroplane race and gave him a stiff fight. The huge bird alighted on the front of the monoplane, and sprang at Gilbert's head. His metal headgear protected him from its claws however, and the bird flew off. It sprang at the machine a second time and narrowly missed the propeller.

Gilbert kept his wits about him, and getting out his revolver shot and killed the eagle.

When you feel discouraged, confused, nervous, tired, worried or despondent it is a sure sign you need MOTT'S NERVE-RINE PILLS.

They renew the normal vigor and make life worth living. Be sure and ask for MOTT'S NERVE-RINE PILLS. Price \$1.00 by druggists.—Williams Mfg. Co., Props., Cleveland, Ohio. Sold only by J. H. Orme, Marion, Ky.

Feed Him Candy or He Will Take To Drink

Pure candy is good for children. Pure sugar is good for grown people. Of course there are exceptions to every rule. If the doctor prescribes a diet and orders a patient to refrain from sweets the patient is bound to obey his advisor. What is the use of calling a physician and paying him for suggestions if the latter are treated with indifference? People in ordinary health need not be afraid to gratify an appetite which craves sweets. Those who have looked into the matter have been telling us lately that soldiers on the march hold out better if they have rations of sugar than if their food omits this useful commodity. A fondness for sugar is often a defense against the temptation to use alcoholic stimulants. The inebriate does not care very much about pure sweets.—The Christian Herald.

WANTED CORN

Until further notice we will give 50c. for white corn shucked and delivered at our mill. MARION MILLING CO.

HYPOCRISY.

While charges of inconsistency, maladministration and graft are occupying public attention, it may be pertinent to remark that the political crime of the present decade is not larceny, but hypocrisy.—Job E. Hedges.

Can't Be Separated

Some Marion People Have Learned How To Get Rid Of Both.

Backache and kidney ache are twin brothers.

You can't separate them.

And you can't get rid of the backache until you cure the kidney ache.

If the kidneys are well and strong, the rest of the system is pretty sure to be in vigorous health.

Doan's Kidney Pills make strong, healthy kidneys.

William Redd, a farmer, Marion, Ky., says: "I was subject to sharp twinges through my loins when I stooped or lifted and was also troubled with a pain in my back. At night I had an acute backache and when I arose in the morning, I was very lame. I tried easily, felt dull and languid and at times was nervous. The kidney secretions were too frequent in passage and I was obliged to arise from three to four times during the night. Learning of Doan's Kidney Pills, I procured a box at Haynes & Taylor's drug store and after using them about three days, I received such great relief that I continued taking this remedy until I was cured."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

J1-8-15